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ORIGINAL POETRY.

STANZAS—TO MISS E. L.

I have seen the orb of night
Sailing thro' the liquid skies,
And have felt its heavenly light
Charm my soul with sweet surprise;
I have seen a glittering star
Twinkle in its home above,
And gazing on it from afar,
Have wished to see it prove;
I have seen a meteor bright
Scatter round its transient rays,
While my wondering raptur'd sight,
Sought to pierce its fervid blaze;
But no man, nor star on high,
Nor the meteor's fleeting beams,
Can compare with Emma's eye,
Where affection ever gleams.

I have seen—when infant spring
Cloth'd the meads in verdant gay—
When the lark on yonder wing
Warbled sweet his plaintive lay—
I have seen a blushing rose
Prudently rear its tender crest,
Or, in ev'ry nook,
Softly lie on beauty's breast;
I have seen the parting sun
Throw his richest colours round,
When his daily race was run,
And the shade o'erspread the ground;
But no rose's ruby dye,
Nor the setting sun's rich streaks,
In luxuriance can vie
With the bloom on Emma's cheeks.

I have seen the nectar'd wine,
Steaming from the sparkling bowl,
While old Bacchus, crown'd with vine,
All my senses did controul;
I have drunk the honied dew,
Press'd from Hybla's choicest flows—
Flowers on verdant banks that grew,
Water'd with delightful showers;
I have revel'd in the stream,
That from Pleasure's fountain flows,
Kiss'd to such extreme,
Which life's early morning knows:
But no dew, nor mellow wine,
Nor the draught from Pleasure's stream,
Are sweet as Emma's lips divine—
Who tastes, seems in a blissful dream.

GANEM.

STANZAS.

My mother, when I saw thee die,
I wept no tear—I heard no sigh;
But, mother dear,
I would to be
Laid on thy bier
Beside of thee.

No more those accents shall I hear,
Which once so sweetly met mine ear;
Life seems a void,
My charms are fled—
Each hope's destroy'd,
For thou art dead.

Thy mother, now thy darkness tomb,
The earliest flowers of spring shall bloom;
Affection's hand
Shall plant them there—
Affection's tears
Shall keep them fair.

FRANCIS.

LA FAYETTE.

Lead let the warlike cannon roar,
And sound his name from shore to shore—
His noble acts proclaim!
His name all tyrants shall survive,
And in the hearts of freemen live—
A dear, a much lov'd name.

Columbia bids him as her son,
Friend of her gallant Washington—
A friend in time of need;
Who's noble soul with zeal did glow,
And did his love of Freedom show,
Our land, by word and deed.

We cannot all his love express!
For such disinterestedness
We owe a mighty debt;
Millions of beings yet unborn,
Shall learn with rapture's earliest dawn,
To bless thee, La Fayette.

ALEXIS.

On the absence of Thomas P. F*****.

On a mountain billow rides
A gallant, gallant bark;
Swift as a meteor spark!
Swift as a meteor spark!

Think! I see upon her deck,
A friend I love to see;
And that adorns his sun-burnt neck,
There rolls a briny tear.

'Tis not because he heeds the blast
That wildly round him blows;
Nay, he would to him would be the last
To wake his slumbering woes.

A sudden thought stole o'er his mind
Of those he lov'd on shore;
Of friends whom he has left behind,
Perhaps to meet no more!

But hope is now his guiding star,
A happy beam of light;
That cheers him on the ocean far
Amidst the gloom of night.

The thought that he again shall dwell
With those he holds so dear,
Nay, power o'er him fear to quell,
And e'er the flowing tear.

And now methinks his turny hand
Has wip'd the gusty way,
And that his heart is doubly mann'd
Against threatening fate's array.

CYRUS.

On throwing away my Tobacco.

Thou art no more, accursed deadly weed,
Thou art no more, accursed deadly weed;
Thou art no more, accursed deadly weed,
Thou art no more, accursed deadly weed;

Thou art no more, accursed deadly weed,
Thou art no more, accursed deadly weed;
Thou art no more, accursed deadly weed,
Thou art no more, accursed deadly weed;

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Thou art no more, accursed deadly weed,
Thou art no more, accursed deadly weed;
Thou art no more, accursed deadly weed,
Thou art no more, accursed deadly weed;

WILLIAM CANNON.

LINES.

If hope did not our clouded way
Of times with faithful beams relight,
Our lives how dull—no cheering ray
To break the gloom of endless night.

When e'er thy ill that waits on life,
Our days and nights with care are filling;
When tired—sated with the strife,
To hear Hope's dreams we're ever willing.

She still will tell of days to come,
When we shall ne'er know ought of sadness,
And seated in a much loved home,
Our every thought be joy and gladness.

Those that we loved in days gone by,
Whose forms, in memory, still are dwelling,
Again are met, and rapture's sigh
Is in our bosoms gently swelling—

'Tis but a dream, but still 'tis pleasing,
A dream, however, that's full of joy,
A few fond moments our heart's easing,
But Hope is ne'er without alloy.

The poet's theme has been his pleasure,
With them she fills the minds of youth,
Shows them at distance shadowy treasures,
Ne'er to be realized by truth.

Her joys, indeed, should be my theme,
Oh, oft she has dispell'd my troubles,
Made me, awake, to fondly dream,
And pleased me with her empty bubbles.

ALPHONSO.

THE MORALIST.

As soon as you are capable of reflection, you must perceive that there is a right and wrong in human actions. You see that those who are born with the same advantages of fortune, are not equally prosperous in the course of life. While some of them, by wise and steady conduct, attain distinction in the world, and pass their days with comfort and honour; others of the same rank, by mean and vicious behaviour forfeit the advantages of their birth, involve themselves in much misery, and end in being a disgrace to their friends, and a burden on society. Early, then, you may learn, that it is not on the external condition in which you are to act, that your welfare or unhappiness, your honour or infamy, depend. Now, when beginning to act that part, what can be of greater moment, or more serious attention, before you have yet committed any fatal or irreparable error? If, instead of exerting reflection for this valuable purpose, you deliver yourselves up, at so critical a time to sloth and pleasure; if you refuse to listen to any counsellor but humor, or attend to any pursuit except that of amusement; if you allow yourselves to float loose and careless on the tide of life, ready to receive any direction which the current of fashion may chance to give you; what can you expect to follow from such beginnings? While so many around you are undergoing the sad consequences of a like indiscretion, for what reason shall not these consequences extend to you? Shall you only attain success without that preparation, and escape dangers without that precaution, which is required of others? Shall happiness grow up to you of its own accord, and so it your acceptance, when to the rest of mankind it is the fruit of long cultivation, and the acquisition of labor and care?—Deceive not your selves with such arrogant hopes. Whatever be your rank, Providence will not let you escape the reverse its established order. By listening to wise admonitions, and tempering the vivacity of youth with a proper mixture of serious thought, you may ensure cheerfulness for the rest of your life; but by delivering yourselves up at present to giddiness and levity, you lay the foundation of lasting heaviness or heart.

FEMALE PIETY.

An Extract—Religion in a female secures all her interests. It graces her character, promotes her peace, endears her friendship, secures her esteem, and adds a dignity and worth indescribable to her deeds. How sweet! when the mistress of a family is the hand-maid of the Lord—when the mother of children is an example of piety—when the wife of our bosom is espoused to the Redeemer! How desirable that the daughter be a chaste virgin to Christ! that the sister leaneth on the arm who sticketh closer than a brother! that the songstress of the temple belong to the Heavenly choir! How pleasant, when the absent husband can think of home, and reflect that angels watch the place, who may guard the interest and the health of his heaven-born companions, and the children of the covenant! When about to leave her a widow, and commit to her exclusive care his helpless offspring, how consoling, if her character is such that she can lean upon the widow's God, and put her children under the guardianship of him, who is the father of the fatherless! Then he quits the world calm and happy, supported by the hope, that he shall meet them in heaven.

Religion has a peculiar sweetness which it mingles with the softness of the female character; so the dew drop borrows odour and a colour from the rose.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Messrs Editors,
The following account of the "dissection of a Coquette's heart," which, according to a certain report going about, actually took place, may be somewhat interesting to your readers, I therefore hope you will indulge them with an account of it.

Dissection of a Coquette's heart.

A physician, a skillful professor of anatomy, was engaged to dissect the heart of a young and very beautiful woman, who, during the whole course of her life, had shown the most extraordinary caprices in her ideas and actions, loving to-day what she hated yesterday, and in a few hours renouncing the new and "darling inclination" and adopting another. She was continually in such an agitation of sentiments, that she reminded us of the spectacle of the sea, which, sometimes calm, at others lightly ruffled by the Zephyrs, and often perturbed by boisterous winds, is incessantly presenting a new aspect to the view. The concourse of the curious was already very considerable, when the professor began his interesting dissection. He first sought with an eager eye, whether any nervous fibres branched off from the heart, for the purpose of keeping up an easy and habitual communication with the tongue, and whether, as the frequent oaths of the young lady induced a belief, there had been any correspondence between those two organs. But the search was in vain, and the anatomist was obliged to declare positively, that there never had existed any correspondence between the heart and tongue of the deceased. I must not forget to tell you that scarcely had the knife laid open the first channels of the heart, than a thousand fibres appeared, all twisted together. On examining them with care, it was found that some were short and others long; while the former restrained motions, the latter hastened them. All the spectators unanimously agreed that this must have been the real cause of those strange caprices of the heart, which had excited in them so much astonishment during the life of our Coquette, and which had been so

often compared to the effects of a rocket, which, wandering thro' the air with infinitely varied motions, first rises majestically, then suddenly darts to the left, rises again, and at length explodes with a crash. The substance of the heart was soft and light; it contained hundreds of small channels, which penetrated the different concentric strata, similar to the bulbs of certain plants. On each of these strata were perceived the images of her different lovers—which were so faintly sketched that a touch of the finger was sufficient to efface them, they might be compared to the spots formed on crystal, or polished marble, by the humidity of the breath. What a spectacle! what a singular assemblage! Doctors, Merchants, and young Lawyers were confusedly mingled with Generals, Magistrates, and common citizens. After unfolding all the strata of the heart, the professor at last came to its most secret part—And in what situation think you he found that part of which none had been able before to form any idea? ENTIRELY EMPTY!!!

But in the vacuum might be seen flitting shadows which succeeded each other with the greatest rapidity—these were diamonds, feathers, carriages, dresses, ribbons; in a word, all those things which the "daring inclination" of the young lady had sighed for during her life. It is necessary I should inform you, that this heart floated in a limpid and cold liquid, containing a soft substance. This liquid was carefully collected by the professor in a glass tube. You must certainly have observed the effects of the atmospheric air on the obedient liquid contained in the thermometer. That in which the heart of the young lady had floated, exhibited nearly the same effects: but it was not precisely the air which exercised an influence over it; to agitate it in different ways it was necessary to vary the objects which were brought near it. If a man possessing good sense, sound judgment, wisdom, or modesty, approached this liquid, it suddenly fell to the bottom of the tube, and seemed to shun him; but on the appearance of a young fool, it rose with velocity towards the orifice, which was no longer capable of containing it. This experiment having been afterwards repeated in an assembly of young people of both sexes, where pleasure pre-empted the liquid was in such constant and violent agitation, that it had the appearance of boiling water. It was so sensible to impressions of every kind, that the approach of a new riband, an elegant hat, fashionable ear-rings, or the most trifling gewgaws, were sufficient to throw it into incessant agitation. One of the company wished to obtain this wonderful instrument, and requested the Physician to purchase it for him, let the price be what it would. He laughed heartily at its simplicity, and assured him that all young women were like thermometers, or rather *frigidometers* of that kind; but I don't think the Physician told him the truth. So much I know, that we find many malicious and ill-natured people, who, on every occasion, strive to make the whole female sex responsible for the faults of two or three. If, however, what I think impossible, actually existed; if it were true, that the hearts of women float incessantly in so extraordinary a liquid, what praises ought we to bestow on those, of whom I know a few, who, rising superior to vulgar sentiments, unite to every charm for which they are indebted to nature, the practice of every virtue.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

And thought the day would shine,
But man a cloud has intervened,
Sin's the days of auld lang syne.

Scottish Ballad.

Early on a cool spring morning I was sitting before a glowing wood fire, and perusing the papers of the day, when I was aroused by the sound of bagpipes playing a slow and solemn march—a number of men, in uniform, bearing along the corpse of a fellow soldier. I immediately took my hat and followed the procession—it passed through the short street of one of the towns situated on the Canadian shore of Lake Ontario, and proceeded to the church yard on a piece of rising ground. The surrounding country appeared to be barren and uncultivated, the woods were a scant and sickly foliage, and the distant hills seemed bleak and dreary. I was a stranger in the land—and was lonely and depressed. The dreariness of the place, the sighing of the wind that blew fitfully through the low and dwarfish pine trees that were scattered in clumps over the spot, the sad sounds of the bagpipes, and the scattered broken tombstones in the cemetery to which the soldier was borne—filled my mind with gloom, and a melancholy shade was cast over humanity which will not soon be obliterated from my recollection.

The man whose body was about to be consigned to the earth, belonged to a British Regiment of Riflemen, stationed in Upper Canada. This regiment was composed of men of almost all nations. The coffin, borne on the shoulders of four men, was covered with a black pall, and on its top was placed a military cap and a cross made by two swords. Four buglesmen were in front, and the remainder of the men marched behind the coffin, two and two, with reversed pieces, to the time of slow and solemn music. They entered the church yard, the coffin was placed by the grave, and the soldiers were drawn up in a circle around it, and the music ceased—but the clergyman had not yet arrived to pronounce the funeral service. In the interim I had time to reflect upon the vanity of the world. Perhaps this poor fellow who is now cold and just about to pass again into dust, had once a noble and generous soul—perhaps he had friends and wealth—his expectations might have been high, his ambition generous, and his prosperity great. But, by a sudden turn of the wheel of Fortune, that blind and fickle goddess: by sickness, or by the treachery and desertion of friends, he had been reduced and compelled to enter the army as a mercenary. After passing through the fatigues and perils of the seven years war in the Peninsula, and having witnessed that eventful day which saturated the plains of Waterloo with the blood of sixty thousand men, he was ordered to cross the Atlantic; far, very far, from the beloved scenes where he had passed the heyday of youth, when sorrow was unknown, when none of the bitterness of the cup of human life had been tasted, and the world seemed like a fairy scene, where every step unfolded new beauties, and every day offered new enjoyments. Here, in a wild, uncomfortable country, he sickened, without one kind inquiry of friendship or love, and died, without any endeared hand to close his dim and sunken eyes.

I have been sick, I exclaimed, yet, almost unto death, and know how the pillow of affliction may be smoothed and softened by the tender hand of friendship! Here I was interrupted by the approach of the priest, who came to begin the cold, yet impressive formalities of the strange soldier's interment. When he had uttered the final amen, two volleys were fired over the grave—the bugles sang a quick and lively strain—the soldiers marched away, and were followed by the train of idlers and boys who had been attracted by the pageant. In a few minutes I was left alone, and as I walked slowly out of the church yard, musing on the events of the morning, I said, man's life has been well compared to the changes of a day—it is, indeed,

like the mutations of the weather in this variable climate. In the morning the soft southern breezes may blow through the valleys, and the sun shoot forth his rays in unclouded splendour, but ere he has run half his course over the cerulean arch, the wind sweeps over the snow clad mountains of the north, dark clouds obscure the face of heaven, and night sets in dark, cheerless, and uncomfortable.

FROM "L'HISTOIRE DES CHIENS CELIBES."

THE DOG OF COGNIOU.

A paper merchant established at Marseilles, went, in 1817, on a journey to Toulon, and was assassinated on his return in the wood of Cogniou. Notwithstanding the strictest enquiries made by the son and widow of the deceased, they could not fall upon the track of the murderer.

Six months thus passed away, about which time the merchant's son entered one day a coffee house, where several persons were peaceably assembled. Immediately his father's dog, that had accompanied him, sprang with fury on a tall lean man, who was enjoying the company of the ladies. Astonished at this sudden attack, every one rushed forward to restrain the furious animal—they beat him with sticks, and strove to draw him off by force—but all in vain—the dog redoubled his rage, and continued to bite his victim, who was pale with fright.

They then applied to his master, who with the utmost difficulty made him release his prisoner, and could only do so, by quickly leaving the place, when the dog followed him: having gone about an hundred steps the animal returned, re-entered the coffee house and sprang upon the man.

There was present at the alarming scene an individual who had been connected in business with the deceased—and he asked the son, who was struck with amazement, if his father had not that dog with him on his melancholy journey to Toulon. Yes, replied the son, he returned to the house long before we had any knowledge of the calamity that had ruined us.

During this private conversation, the master, who had seized a cord and fastened it round the dog's neck, was holding him with difficulty—when his friend added, if I do not deceive myself, that man is the murderer of your father—remain while they are discussing the adventure, and I will go to the commissary for a guard.

Returning soon after he arrested the individual suspected, and conducted him to prison. On searching him they discovered the merchant's watch, and other jewels, of which he had deprived the unhappy man. It was proved besides that on the day of the murder, the accused had been seen by a girl coming out of the wood of Cogniou—And these proofs strengthened by other circumstances, condemned the accused, who avowed his crime to the confessor on the scaffold.

DISSIPATION.

The clock struck eleven. The anxious terrified, lonely soldier shuddered at the sound, and with an unconscious energy pressed her poor babe to her heart, while the large, sunken eye, and fell, unbidden, from her swollen, drunken eye, and rested on the cheek of the slumbering innocent—Where then was he who had sworn to protect her, and by a vow registered in heaven, had promised unalterable affection for her. He was an instance, I could wish without a parallel; for dissipation had bound him in his chains, and in the thrall of passion, he had forgotten his duty, and she the darling partner of his happiness.

Can man so far forget the dignity of his nature, as to give up the government of reason bestowed upon him by God, and submit to be led by degrading passions, participated with brutes? Well may it be said, that the hand which can write it, unless its possessor be void of sensibility, must feel the blood curdle in its veins, and the tongue that can tell it to the world might stiffen in the act.

Let us conclude our sad tale. The unfortunate man returned, something inebriated, at a late hour, and found his wife senseless on the floor. The shock restored him to himself, though some hall-lantern, half-recollections flitted through his bewildered brain. She was declared to be in a raging fever; medical assistance was in vain, for the disease was one which baffled all skill, and in the short space of a fortnight, she died broken hearted. No murmur escaped her lips against the author of her misery, the destroyer of her happiness, the cause of her untimely death. Then it was that he fully avowed from his dreams; then it was that every unkind word, every ungrateful look, thronged back upon him, and harrowed up his soul; then it was that he uttered the unheard groan, and poured the bitter tear—more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

Is there one now who is just beginning the career of vice and folly, unaware of the misery he is bringing upon himself and all connected with him; let him read this and pause; for it is only on the immutable basis of virtue, that we can found our actions, if we wish them to yield pleasure to ourselves, to be pleasing in the sight of our fellow men, or acceptable to our Creator.

A FRAGMENT.

"Yes, poverty thou art horrible!—in whatever colours poets may paint thee, thou art horrible—Thou art as cold as the grave; the winter winds whistle about thee; icicles hang from thy shaggy hair, and the cold snows beat upon thy naked bosom. Thou hast neither a hut to shelter thee; nor fire to warm thee; nor clothes to cover thee; nor food to satisfy thy craving appetite. Thou hast no friends; the eye of pity is never turned on thee; nor the tear of sympathy excited by thy sufferings. Thou art an outcast from the world; thou art hated and persecuted by all; thou art despised by the whole human race. What dost thou then in this world? Is there any hope for thee? Art thou not wretched beyond conception? and dost thou still cling to the hillock of earth? Go, hide thyself in the grave; there thine enemies cannot hurt thee, nor the insolence of prosperity reach thee; there shalt thou rest in peace; the cold clod shall press lightly on thy breast, and thy manifold sufferings be remembered no more. Then shalt thou feel neither cold nor hunger; the winter winds shall whistle unheeded, and the rude storm shall beat harmless on the sod which covers thee. Yes, thanks to heaven! there is consolation left me, and this I will cherish; it will support me a little longer; I will go and for a moment forget that I was miserable.

Selections from Lacon, or many things in few words, addressed to those who think.

What we conceive to be failings in others, are not unfrequently owing to some deficiencies in ourselves; thus plain men think that young men want passion, and plain women think young men want politeness; dull writers think witty writers devoid of taste; and dull readers think witty writers devoid of sense; and yet former days admire in the present days, and yet former days become worse.

In civil jurisprudence it too often happens that

there is so much law that there is no room for justice, and that the claimant expires wrong, in the midst of right, as mariners die of thirst, in the midst of water.

As that gallant can best affect a pretended passion for one woman, who has no true love for another, so he that has no real esteem for any of the virtues, can best assume the appearance of them all.

No improvement that takes place in either of the sexes can possibly be confined to itself; each is an universal mirror to each; and the reciprocal reflection of the one will always be in respect proportion to the polish of the other.

Drunkenness is the vice of a good constitution or of a bad memory; of a constitution so treacherously good that it never bends until it breaks; or of a memory that recollects the pleasures of getting drunk, but forgets the pains of getting sober.

Marriage is a feast where the grace is sometimes better than the dinner.

If you cannot inspire a woman with love of you, fill her above the brim with love of herself—all that runs over will be yours.

COLLECTANEA.

"Worth makes the man," Pope says; and every body acknowledges the truth of the sentiment; but then the question is, what makes worth?—The moralist will tell you, "it is virtue; but the man of the world says, it is money." And indeed, in this age of Reason, the latter definition seems almost universally to prevail. When it is asked, how much a man is worth, the answer generally has an exclusive reference to his property. If he has wealth, the reply to the question says, he is worth so many dollars; but if he be very poor, though he should possess the intelligence of a Newton, and the benevolence of a Howard, "He is not worth a groat." Thus the worth of a man, like that of beef and butter, is reckoned by pounds, shillings and pence.

PERSECUTION.

Two hundred thousand, it is said, suffered death under Pope Julian, in seven years—one hundred thousand were massacred by the French in three months. The Waldenses, who perished, amounted to one hundred thousand. The Jesuits destroyed nine hundred thousand, in thirty years. Thirty six thousand were executed by the common hangman, under the Duke of Alva. One hundred and fifty thousand perished in the Inquisition, and an equal number by the Irish massacre. Add to these the vast multitudes, of which history gives no account, who have been proscribed, banished, starved, burnt, buried alive, smothered, suffocated, drowned, assassinated, chained to the galleys for life, or immured in horrid dungeons. According to some, the whole number massacred in the space of 1400 years, amounts to 50,000,000!—See Buck's Exposition.

Lope de Vega.—How astonishing, says Simond, was the fertility of the imagination of this writer. His works seem to exceed all the powers and the extent of human life. He lived to the age of 72, of which 50 years are the most, that we can reckon, that he could devote to literary labors; especially when we recollect that he had several times been a soldier, was twice married, and was of the Inquisition. Yet he found time to write twenty-two hundred plays, of about three thousand verses each, and twenty-two volumes quarto of Poetry, amongst which are five Epic Poems! Thus, he must have written a new play, consisting of about three thousand verses, in every eight days of his life. And in those eight days, he must have not only invented and written the stories, but made the historical researches upon which they were founded; he must have read Tacitus for instance, to write his NERO.

SIR RICHARD ARKWRIGHT.

When Sir Richard first went to Manchester, he hired himself to a petty barber, but being remarkably frugal, he saved money out of a very scanty income. With this saving he took a cellar; at the cellar head he displayed this inscription:—"Subterranean shaving, with keen razors, for a penny!" The novelty had a very successful effect, for he had plenty of customers, inasmuch that several brother tonsors, who before had demanded two-pence for a clean chin, were obliged now to come down to a reduced price, and they also styled themselves subterranean shavers, though they all lived and worked above ground.—Upon this, Sir Richard went still to a further reduction, and shaved for one half penny! A neighbouring cobbler, one day, descended the original tonson's steps to be shaved. The fellow had a remarkable strong rough beard. Arkwright, beginning to lather him, told him he hoped he would give him another half-penny, for his beard was so stiff, he was afraid it might spoil his razor. The cobbler replied, "I'll see you hang'd first!"—Arkwright shaved him for a half-penny, and immediately gave him two pairs of shoes to mend; and this was the basis of Arkwright's extraordinary fortune; for the cobbler, struck with the unexpected favour, introduced him to the inspection of the cotton machine, invented by his particular friend, which Arkwright got possession of, and which gradually led him to the dignity of knighthood, and the accumulation of half a million a year.

LA FAYETTE.

General La Fayette, in his answer to the address delivered to him at Worcester, (Mass.) mentioned that "he was peculiarly gratified in seeing the great improvements of the face of the country, because he was himself a Farmer." Gentlemen from France, who have visited his extensive farm there, describe it as one of the most highly cultivated seats in the kingdom. It is appropriately called "La Grange"—(the Farm). It is situated in the fertile district of La Brie, about 13 leagues from Paris. A late traveller describes it to be "so remote from any high road, so lonely and so wood-embosomed, that a spot more sequestered, can scarcely be imagined. In the midst of this fertile and luxuriant wilderness, rising above prolific orchards and antiquated woods, appear the fine towers of La Grange Blossau, tinged with the golden rays of the sun. Here the renowned La Fayette has passed a large portion of his eventful life. His library contains many of the most eminent authors on all subjects; and here he devotes himself to the cultivation of the Earth, the Arts and Sciences, and the Domestic Virtues. In one of his letters he says, "I frequently happens that my merino and my hay carts, dispute my attention with Hume and Voltaire." "I live like Lestres, cultivating my fields, and regretting nothing I have left behind me. This retirement satisfies both my heart and my vanity. I compare myself to the famous exile of Athens and of Rome, whom their virtues have rendered formidable to their fellow citizens. I see myself in the midst of a numerous family whom I love. I read, I write, I meditate, I take pleasure even in the sports of my grand children. Their most simple occupations interest me. Every moment of my time is filled up.

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